Oppright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis. In the month of March, 1835, which you will member was only a few weeks before the ose of the war. I was visiting an uncle who lived on a farm in Mitchell county, Ind. On the 18th I went out for a squirrel hunt. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning when I shot my first squirrel, and as he fell from the limb he brought up among a mass of outcropping rock. In searching for him I found a chel which had been placed between two boulders so that it was securely hidden from abything except chance discovery. One might have stood within three feet of it and been no wiser. I hauled the satchel out and found it be one of old-fashioned make, though entirely new. A bit of mildew had just begun to gather on the leather, and I judged that it had seen there for a week or more. It was bulky ugh to indicate that its contents consisted a suit of clothes, and I had no great curiosby concerning it. Indeed, I made further reh and found the squirrel before I gave the extehel a second look

At that time the county was overrun with tramps, but they were most numerous along the Ohlo River, and the majority of them were thioves and robbers as well as public nuime that no one one would have entered that dense piece of woods to hide an outfit of clothing a mile from the highway, and I determined to inspect the contents. It was locked, but I used a stone to break it open, and the first clance jumped my heart into my throat. The tchel was full of crisp, new greenbacks in sokages of \$1,000 each. Even after I took one of the packages in my hand and carefully inspected the bills I was not quite sure whether I was awake or dreaming. There re packages of ones, twos, fives, and tens, and every bill was fresh from the Treasury at Vashington. I hauled out one after another until I had counted twenty-seven. Each had band around it, on which was stamped the mount-\$1,000.

Experience will make a man cool in the face of danger, but one can't become experienced in finding treasure. I believe I was more rattied over that find than if I had met a high-wayman and been held up for my all. I sat on a log with those twenty-seven packages piled up before me, and shook like a man in a chill. It was fully ten minutes before I could realize the luck that had come my way. Without laying myself open to criticism I contend that I am ap honest man. I have always paid 100 cents on the dollar of my indebtedness. In my time I have found and restored many lost articles which a dishopest man would have converted to his own use. I have been trusted with the money of private individuals, and after serving five years as a County Treasurer a committee examined my accounts to discover and report that the county was in my debt. I tall these things in hones to excuse myself for what followed the finding of the money. From the moment I caught sight of the

money I determined to keep it. We are all until tempted. Some of us can be bought for a few hundred dollars, others demand thousands. Replacing the money in the satchel, I started for home. I didn't propose to share the secret of the find with any one. even if I shared the contents later on. I therefore made my way to the barn to put the catchel in a safe time. I was fully half an nour making up my mind where to deposit it. There were several tons of hay in the mow, and I finally climbed up and dug a hole in one corner and deposited my treasure. I moved at least half a ton of bay, and when I left the place I feit sure that it would take an all-day search for any one to find the money. My uncle subscribed to a Louisville daily

paper, and also to several weeklies. I was just recovering from a wound in the head received at Petersburg, and my eyes were weak. I had, therefore, done but very little reading. After dinner I got all the back numbers of the daily for ten or twelve days, and sat down to see if I could strike anything regarding that money. As an old soldier I had spotted those packages at once. All of them were Treasury motes, and all had been put up for an army may master. In a paper dated nine days previous I found what I was fevenishly searching for. It was a quarter of a column article detailing the facts of the robbery of an army paymaster at Madison, Ind. He was on his way down, the Ohio by a passenger steambout, accompanied by his trusted assistant. At Madison, while the boat was taking on eargo, he went up town to visit a friend, and was away out two hours. On his return he found that his assistant had robbed the safe of \$60,000 and disappeared.

The article went on to say that every effort was being made to overhauf the robber, who was supposed to have werked single handed, and that all the chances were in favor of his capture, bowever, and I for ten or twelve days, and sat down to see if

eachtyre. None of the subsequent issues contained news of his capture, however, and I may state here that he got safely away and probably landed somewhere in Europe. There was no question in my mind that my \$27,000 was a part of the paymaster's assistant had a confederate, and this money was his share of the contained the contained of the conta

him, he kept the trail through the town of Jasper and for five miles beyond. Then Davis seemed to have dropped out of sight.

The hired man was considered a stupid fellow, but he had a vein of cunning in his make up. It was dangerous for him to be carrying that large sun; of money around the country. The farmer would be sure to follow him, and he would have to open the satched at the order of any peace officer who might look upon him as a suspicious character. Five miles south of Jasper he turned to the west, travelled three miles, and then turned to the north, thus doubling on his trail. That was how the pursuing farmer lost him. Davis wanted a hiding place for the satched and he found it where it had been hidden twice before in a barn. It was an old, tumble-down affair, however, in which even a tramp would not have sought shelter. Having put away the money he applied for work on the farm, and secured it. There he remained for two months, and the money was never removed from the place he first hid it in. Then Davis argued that he would be safe in making his way out of the country. He had formed his plans to go West. He beught a trunk in which to carry the money and his clother, and the farmer for whom he had worked started to drive him to a small station on the railroad running from Mitchell to Vincennes.

New occurred another change in the proprietorship of the money. They reached the station with only two or three minutes to spars. The trunk was cheeked all right, but in the hurry was not put abourd. That was at 4 o cook in the afternoon. The next train did not pass until about midnight. That evening while the depot agent was busy, two tramps who had been hanging about stole the trunk, and had been shanging about stole the trunk, and he been condition to the pair, who gave the name of first on the pair, who gave the name of first on the wools. To be real the own had been in the tothing with which the wools, to break open the trunk and possess themselves of its contents. In the other trunk and look, and as it

the thicket for a good half hour before I could make a move.
What did I do with the money? I told you long ago that I was an honest man. I took the trunk to my unele's house, told him and his wife the whole story, and then communicated with the Federal authorities at Cincinnati. A United States Marshal came down after the money. I only told him that I had found the treasure in the trunk. He took me by the hand and said I was an honest man and a credit to any community. The paymaster sent me a reward of \$1.000, and with it a letter praising my honesty. The papers got hold of the item, and in my old scrapbook I have a dozen notices declaring that I was one man out of ten thousand—one of the most honest conscientious men in the State of Indiana.

DEATH CALLED THE ROLL.

All Were Accounted for, Either on the Field or in the Treaches.

He had been lying very quiet for a long time, and the nurse at his bedside dozed and nodded-struggled to keep awake, and finally slept in her chair. Then a Shadow stole into the room and stood by the bed whispering: "Right dress! Back on the left! Front!"

The Sergeant opened his eyes and looked about him in wonder. His hair was thin and gray, his face pale and wasted, and death had set its mark upon his brow.
"Attention to roll call!" continued the

Shadow, "Adams, Ansil, Artman, Averill, Allport, Amsden ---" "They do not answer." said the Sergeant as

the shadow paused.
"They can answer no more! They were buried in the trenches at Manassas. Barnard, Baxter, Bebee, Burton, Bloom, Bailey-" "I do not hear them," said the Sergeant.

"Their lives went out when McClelland turned at bay at Malvern Hill. They died as heroes die. Carter, Curtis, Claxton, Coleman, Caniff Campbell-" Does any one answer for them?" asked the

Sergeant. "Aye! I do!" replied the Shadow. "I saw

them laid in the shallow trenches at Antietam after the rear of battle had ceased and the cries of the wounded had been hushed. They were following Hooker's flag when they fell.

eries of the wounded had been hushed. They were following Hooker's flag when they fell. Davis. Denton. Danforth. Dougherty. Donohue. Dillinham.—"
"Absent without leave?" said the Sorgeant.
"No! Absent forever! They crossed at Fredericksburg. and their dead bodies lay nearest the terrible stone wall at the base of Marie's hill. They could not win victory, but they could die. Enright. Eberman. Eckliff. Epstele. Engleman. Eckliff. Epstele. Engleman. Eckliff. Epstele. Engleman. Eckliff. Epstele. Engleman. Hekart.—"They may be on guard." said the Sergeant, as he listened for the sound of their voices. "Then the dend guard the dead," replied the Shadow. "I saw them lying stark and dead under the trees at Chancellorsville. left to be buried by the victorious enemy. Faber, Fenton. Foster, Franklin. Fitch. Fitzwillams.—"
"They have been detailed for special duty," suggested the old soldier.
"Their duty ended at Gettysburg. I saw them lying dead after the Virginians had been driven back and thousands were shouting victory. Gray, Gorman. Gobel, Gosport, Gansel, Green.—"
"Where?" asked the Sergeant.

fory, Gray, Gorman, Gossa, Green—
"Where?" asked the Sergeant.
"In the thickets of the sombre wilderness, where 10,000 men died without seeing an enemy. When night came the songs of the wilipporewills were beard above the plaints of the wounded. Hall, Harmon, Hennessy, Hill, Hitton, Huriburt—"
"And these too?"

"And these too?"

"And these too?"

"And these too?"
"Aye! every one of them. They were left behind. Ingalls, Irving, Isham, Imrie, Isa-

behind. Ingalls. Irving. Isham. Imrie. Isabel. Ingersoil—

"Ah! I remember!" whispered the Sergeant.

"They fell as they guarded the trenches at Petersburg. I myself helped to bury them."

"James, Jenkins, Jordan, Jolly, Justin—"

"Dead at Appomattox!"

"Larkins, Lampton, Larry. Lennox, Levering, Loring—"

"Call no more. Only when the angel calls the roll of the dead at the last great day will the dust make answer. I alone am left of my company."

the dust make answer. I alone am left of my company."

The old Sergeant fell back upon his pillow with a moan, and before his dim vision the spectres of the dead seemed to form in line and await his order.

"Sorgeant Grim" called the Shadow.

The nurse awoke and cried dat:

"Who has called him? He is dead!"

"It was I." said the Shadow. "He was the last on the roll, and I can call no more."

"And you—you—"

"I am the Shadow of Death!"

The Eleventh Man.

We stopped at a flag station to take up a couple of men, and as they came into the smoker all saw that they were handcuffed together. It was easy enough to identify the prisoner. He was a gaunt-faced. long-haired man of dejected demeanor, and he seemed embarrassed at the sight of so many of us. "I recken yo' can't run from me now." said he officer as he removed the irons. "Sorry to the officer as he removed the irons.

hev put 'em on yo at all, Jim, but I'm lame and can't take chances." "Is the man going to prison?" was the natural inquiry of one of the passengers. "A little wuss nor that, sah-he's goin' to

the convict camp." answered the officer.

the convict camp," answered the officer.

"For what crime?"

"It wasn't much of a crime. I believe he stole co'n to feed his starvin' fam'ly on."

And what is his sentence?"

"Weil, the Jedge fined him \$50 or two years. He couldn't pay of co'se, and so he'll serve out his two years, if he don't die. He's feelin' powerful pore, and I reckon six months will put him under the sod. Bay, Jim, yo'sot yere by yo'self while I go into the fur kyar to soe Tom Jackson a minit.

He had no sooner departed than our spokesman stood up and said:
"Gentlemen, this is an outrageous shame. Here is a man being sent to a chain gang because he stole a bushel or so of corn to keep ille in the bodies of wife and children! I'll give \$10 toward paying his line."

"So'll I!"

"So'll I!"

There were eleven of us in the car. Ten of

"Soft I!"
"Soft I!"
"Soft I!"
"There were eleven of us in the car. Ten of the crowd finally chipped in seven dollars a piece, figuring to give the man a show after his fine was paid. The eleventh man brusquely refused to give a shilling. The officer soon returned, fifty dollars of the purse was given him, and at the next station the pair got off. The prisoner thanked us over and over, and all felt amply repaid. The attitude of the eleventh man nettled us. He sat reading and paid no attention to the sly digs given him, but

after a while, when something pretty harsh was flung out, he closed the book, stood up to face us, and calmiy said;
"Gentiemen. I feet that I owe you all an apology. Every one but me sympathized with that poor man; every one but me contributed to the purse. My apology and my excuse is that I've met the same pair five different times this week on five different trains going in five different directions, and I thought they were making a big divide without my dollars!"

He Putted Out,

We had camped at the mouth of a pass in the Bitter Root Mountains, on the dividing line between Idaho and Montana, and for thirtyeight days we had not seen a human being outside of our own crowd. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon we caught sight of a pack train of five mules coming across the little valley in our front. There were only two men with the train, and we were amazed to see them heave in sight in that wild and lonely spot. We kept wondering and wondering what the mules could be loaded with, but no one came within forty rods of guessing the right cargo. The leading man didn't look like hunter, miner. prospector, or emigrant, and we were looking him over with all our eyes when he came up, halted, and said;

him over with all our eyes when he came up, halted, and said:

"Good evening, gentlemen. Will you be kind enough to inform me if there is any town around here?"

"Town! town:" repeated the Captain. "Why. man. do you know where you are?"

In the Bitter Root, I take it.

"Yes, and you are looking for a town?"

"I am."

"Weil, the nearest town I know of, if you keep to the west, is Colfax, way over in the edge of Washington Territory. It must be 400 miles from here."

"Only 4(0!) Well, that's not so bad. Can we came, here to-night?"

"Only 400! Well, that's not so bad. Can we camp here to-night?"
"Of course. What ye loaded with?"
"Well, it was the Montana Weekly Observer ten days ago. In about ten days from this it will be the Washington Hustler. I presume. Got to be too many of us over in Gallatin, and so I pulled out for a new spot."

"You don't mean you've got a newspaper outfit with you?"
"You've hit it straight, mister—hand-press, bedy type, chasses, column rules, display type.

"You've hit it straight, mister—hand-press, body type, chases, column rules, display type, half a keg of ink, a roller, and everything else needed to set up shop and got out the liveliest sheet in the whole West. Jim, botter get the packs off and prepare supper. I've got to write a salutatory and a column leader to night!"

"Well, by gosh!" exclaimed every man.

"Westward the star of empire and so forth," replied the editor as he hunted in a bundle for paper and pencil. The office of the liusticis now open for business. Subscriptions two dollars a year in advence. One doflar for six months. Job work done on reasonable terms. All advertising considered cash unless othermonths. Job work done on reasonable terms All advertising considered cash unless other wise agreed, and no specimen copies sent un-less paid for!"

THE RECOLLECTION MULE.

He Dodged So Many Shells During the Was that He Never Forgot Them. A faded out old mule which looked to be fifty rears old came crawling down the dusty stree before a shacklety old wagon, in which was

seated a colored man. As he drove up to the

depot platform and stopped I inquired:

Well, uncle, I suppose you'd sell that mule for money?" "How much, sah?" heasked as he looked up. 'What do you think he's worth?" "Wall, sah. I reckon de cash value of dat

mewl-cash right down on de nail-hain't fur from seben dollars and a half, but I couldn't dun sell him fur dat. He hain't no common mewl, he hain't."

"No sah; but be's a reckoleckshun mewl. an' dat's what makes him so waluable."

an dat's what makes him so waluable."

"What's a recollection mule?"

"Why, sah, he reckolects back to wah times.
He was right around yere doin' all de wah, an'
he hain't dun disremembered nuffin."

"What does he remember?"

"Bout dem Yankees' shells, sah. De Yankees dun fired cannons at him chery chance
dey got, but he allus dodged de shells. Would
you like to see him perfo'm, sah?"

"Lwould."

dey got, but he alius dodged de shells. Would you like to see him perfo'm, sah:"

"I would."

"Would yo' bewillin' to put up fo' bits fur damazes to de wagin? He's bound to smash things when he h'ars a shell comin."

I gave him half a dollar and he stepped out and picked up a cobblestone and stood behind the wagon. The mule was leaning against the platform and apparently sound asterp. The negro puckered up his mouth and uttered a droning, moaning sound, like the flight of a shell, and gradually brought it closer and closer until an old solder would have been deceived. Then he heaved the stone against the platform with a great bang and cried out:

"Fe' de lawd, Erastus, but dem Yankves has dun got de range agin—look out!"

The mule had pricked up his ears at the first sound. As the imaginary shell came nearer and nearer he began to pick up his feet and exhibit great excitement, and the words of the negro were not yet out of his mouth when Erastus made a break. He went off like a cyclone, struck a post and ripped two wheels off the wagon, and after a straight run of eighty rods up the street with the wreck turned a corner and was out of sight.

"Dat's what I dun toled yo', sah," said the man as he turned to me; "he's a reckoleckshun mew!. He's old an' humbly an' pore, an' he hain't got no style, but he jest disremembers all about dat war, an' I couldn't sell him short o' fifty dollars. I said fo' bits befo' he dun started, but I put in an extra yell an' he broke off two weels, an' I reckon you'd bettah make it a dollah, sah."

M. Quad.

The Arisons Kicker.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.-With this issue we establish a new department entitled "Sporting News." We do it to accommodate a baseball editor from New York who struck this town in a barefoot condition and offered to work for three dollars a week and his board. We don't know how it will pan out, but if he is willing to risk it we are. On three different occasions we have endeavored to establish a sporting department, but the sporting editor has either been shot or run out of town within a few hours after the paper came out. Our people are rather queer about certain things. and a journalist must know their characteristics before he can please them.

P. S.-We stop the press after having worked

P. S.—We stop the press after having worked off 600 copies to announce that our sporting editor has concluded to seek a different climate. He was somewhat assisted in this resolution by Dan Skinner, Jim Bebee, Abe Hastings, and others whom he characterized as "one-horse sports who had never seen a genuine dog fight." He was a mile ahead and gaining at every jump when they dropped the pursuit. "Sporting News" will probably not appear next week.

An UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE.—Friday last a stranger arrived here from Chicago with a view of opening an undertaking establishment. Unfortunately for him he went prowling about by himself and had nothing to say to anyone. He came into the Kicker office about 30 clock Saturday afternoon, and as he entered the door we thought we recognized him as Bill Wheatley of Clinci Valley, who sent us word two weeks ago that he intended to bury us in our own private graveyard. This recognition was strengthened by the fact of his reaching behind him as if for his gun. As subsequently explained, he was after his handkerchief, which in this town is always kept in a man's hat. We slaways get the drop if possible, and we got it on this man and bored him through the shoulder. When he came to give his name prove his identity by numerous papers, no one could have felt more sympathy than we did. We agreed to pay the surgeon's bill and give him \$40 besides, and we are now paying his board at the hotel for the week as well. Mr. Briggs has no hard feelings toward us. On the contrary, he realizes his mistige in not posting up on the rules and regulations of the town, and freely admits that he has no claim on us whatever.

Paried, May Be Forever.

Paried. May Be Forever.

From the Chicago Desity Fribms.

"Must you go, Sylvanus?"

"Lucinda, I must!"

Again and again the young husband strained her to his heaving breast, and sought to soothe the agitation that shook her frame.

"My word is pledged, dearest."

"How came you to give them such a promise?" she asked, wildly.

"I agreed to go wherever I was sent. I never expected to be sent to that place," he added, bitterly, "and made the promise without due reflection, but I am bound by it. I can't crawl out of it now. Lucinda."

"But if—if anything should happen to you, Sylvanus, what would become of me?"

"I am insured in three secret socketies, dearest, for a large sum of money. My affairs are in good shape. I don't owe a cent to any son of agun on earth. This house will be yours, and if the worst comes to the worst, you know, you can go back to your folks."

"Hut—"

"And maybe nothing will happen. Do you

"But—"
"And maybe nothing will happen. Do you feel that hard substance inside my vest? Weil, that's steel. I've got a whole coat of mail under these clothes. This cap has a steel lining. I can pull down a steel visor that will cover all of my face, except the chin. That's got to be free, of course. And—""Oh. Sylvanus, don't go."
With the utmost tenderness he released himself from her clinging embrace, kissed her once, twice, thrice, tore madly out of the house, and, with a look of iron firmness on his pale face, he climbed aboard an express train a few minutes later and was gone.

He was on his way to Louisville to umpire a same of baseball.

PLANTATION FABLES.

Brother Bear and the Honey Orebard.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. One day while Uncle Remus was olling the harness in the carriage house, he heard the little boy's baby brother crying, and he went out to investigate the matter. He soon discovered that the baby was crying for a piece of cake which the little boy held in his hand and refused to give up. The old man stood watching long enough for the little boy to see him. whereupon he exclaimed. "Laws a massy!" shook his head slowly from side to side, and returned to the carriage house. It was not

long before the little boy followed him. Uncle Remus pretended not to notice the youngster's presence, and began to talk to himself. "I done put it down in my min' long ago dat stingy folks ain't gwine ter come ter no good en'. I done see too much um it. Dar wuz ole man Dickerson, he save money en save money; he pinched here and he pinched dar, on he so stingy he won't buy him a dram skacely. En de gracious en de goodness? What good do it He sot dar in de house too stingy ter scratch hisse'f right hard, en swivel up en die. en now dem are chillun er his'n is flingin' it fur en wide. Shoo! When it come ter stingy folks, take um way from me! Don't lemme come nigh um! I done see too much un 'em."
"Well, Uncle Remus," began the little boy. but the old man interrupted:

dar en fret dat ar baby some mo?" Well, Uncle Remus, I had a piece of cake for you, and the baby saw it and cried for it. and I didn't want him to have it. He gets everything anyhow."

" Heyo, dar! Dat you? Whyn't you stay out

What dat in your pocket?" asked Remus. "Well that's my piece of cake." "Den whyn't you gi' de baby my plece en fetch me youne?" "Then I wouldn't have had any."

"I speck dat's so," said Uncle Remus.
"May be de cake moughter flung de baby in a spasm, en dern I'd had ter got en a hoss en gallop atter de doctor, en de hoss moght er stumbled en broke my neck, en den dese yer triffin' good-fer-nothin niggers roun' de house would 'a had a big joliffication.
"En yit," the old man went on, slowly eating

the cake, "I spizes ter see stinginess. Hit put me in min' er olo Brer B'ar en de honey orchard. If I ain't done tol' you dat tale, I'd like ter know de reason why, kaze it all de time a-poppin' in my head." The little boy was very, very sure he had

never heard of the honey orchard before.
"Well," said Uncle Remus, "dey wuz one time when mos' all decreeturs, horn and claw, ive in de same settlement. Dey'd have some fusses, but dey ain't had no fallin' out, en dey wuz livin' just ez satisfactual ez what folks does. Times wuz mighty hard, en 'twas in about all der kin do for souffe long en make buckle en tongue meet. Rake en scrape er

about all dey kin do fer scuffle 'long en make buckle en tongue meet. Rake en scrape ez de would, some un 'um 'd hatter go ter bed hungry. Yit dey took notice er one thing, dat whiles all un um wuz giftin po' and po'er, ole Brer B'ar wuz gittin fatter en fatter. While de t'er creeturs' ribs wuz standin' out like bar'l hoops Brer B'ar wuz slick en 'roun' ez a butter ball. He dez wailer'd in fat; he wuz too fat ter keep de flies off n hissef.

"Dev aid study how Brer Ba'r kin keep so fat when times is so hard. Brer Rabbit make up his min' dat he gwine ter git at de bottom er de matter, en so he keep his eye on Brer B'ar. He watch 'im he did, en 'twant long 'fo' he seed dat Brer B'ar wuz doin' mighty quare. Stidder settin' up late en talkin' politics, he'd go ter bed wid de chickens, en by good day-inght he'd be up and gono. This bodder Brer Rabbit might'ly. He got so pester'd en fretted dat many's de time when he'd be gwine long de road he'd squar right flat on de groun' en acraten his head en study.

"Brer Rabbit had done got de knack er settin' up all night en sleepin' late in de day, but bimeby, one hight he tuck'n pay Brer B'ar a visit fer to see what he kin fin out. He got ter de door, he did, en scrave his foot on de step en sorter cle'r up his throat. Ole Miss B'ar she come out on de porch for to see who 'ts en she wuz monstrus perlite. She how-died with Brer Rabbit, an ax 'im ef he won't come in en take off his things en set awhile wid 'um. Brer Rabbit say he don't keer ef he do, been's how he ain't seed 'um all inso long, en den ole Miss B'ar she nestied 'roun' en fotch a chalr, an ax Brer Rabbit fer to make hisse'f at home.

"Brer Rabbit crossed his legs, he did, en 'olo dat he ain't seed Brer B'ar in a coon's age, en den ole Miss B'ar she nestied 'roun' en fotch a chalr, an ax Brer Rabbit fer to make hisse'f at home.

"Brer Rabbit axed what in de name ergoodness do Brer B'ar do wid a bag er ashes fer 'im ter take ter work wid 'im in de mornin'.

"Brer Rabbit axed what in de name ergoodness do Brer B'ar

unther the start ter work.

"Bier Rabbit say. "What Brof B'ar now? I ain't hear him in dar."

"Ole Miss Bar laughed twel she bent over. She low. You ain't gwine ter hear 'em. nuther, Berr Rabbit say in happen ter hear im sno'. Sleep! I ain't never is see nobody what kin sleep like my ole man. He ain't take time ter eat seachs!, fo' he's rendy fer de bed. en he no mon strike de bed'io he's soun' er bleesin' fer him dat I ain't know what kin sleep like my ole man. He ain't take time ter eat seachs!), fo' he's rendy fer de bed. en he no mon strike de bed'io' he's soun' er bleesin' fer him dat I ain't know what is sleep like he's he's hear he is 'for I marroed him.'

The little boy wanted to laugh, but the gravity with which Uncle liemus narrated this conversation warned him that his mirth would be ill-timed. The old man made no pause.

"Wid dat, Bror Rabbit say he better be gwice, on he tip ole Miss War a bow en wish er mighty well. He went off a little piece, he did not not down by de road, en twis his miss for war ole Miss Ba'r tryin fer ter too i'm' en he get so pester'd dat he ain't know what ter do.

"Atter so long or time he slipped back ter Bror B'ar's house, en, sho nuff, dar wuz de bag er ashes 'n work of the slipped back ter Bror B'ar's house, en, sho nuff, dar wuz de bag er ashes in de chimbley corner, en inside do house he could hear Bror B'ar snorin' away like somebody sawin' gourds. Brer Rabbit make up his min' dat he'd sorter hang' roun' en remained the slipped back ter Bror B'ar wuz up en a stirrin', en by de time 'twuz light good he'd dono sling de hag er ashes 'cross his shoulder, en wuz a-makin' fer de woods. Brer Rabbit try ter keep up, but he skeep'd fer git too close, en 'tus news he know Brer Bar Jone make his disappearance. When the try light good he'd dono sling de hag er ashes 'cross his shoulder, en wuz a-makin' fer de woods. Brer Bar's house, en den he went ter look for do hag er ashes. Sho nuff, and the with the hear of the his bref, he did house and he hall the try light of the should

bout yo' business, fo' I come down daren w'ar you out to a frazzle.

"Brer Habbit say, 'Please, suh, Brer B'arl' des gimme a little piece! Des a teenchy bit er de comb, Brer B'ar!"

"Wid dat Brer B'ar sorter serambled down de tree like he comin 'atter Brer Rabbit, an' I bet you Brer Habbit got up en dusted' way from dar. He tuck a nigh cut home, en he sot down in de chimbiey corner en studied out a plan for ter get even wid Brer B'ar. So de nex' day, whiles Brer Bar done gone ter de honey orchard, Brer Rabbit sembled all de creeturs, horn, claws, en wing, en tell 'um how de lan' lay, on how Brer B'ar been foolin' um. He said 'taint no wonder dat Brer B'ar rollin' in ita when he got off dar eve'y day on gorge hisse'l on honey en not iet nobody git a smell un it, much less a tase.

"All de creeturs' greed with Brer Rabbit, en dey say dey'd do anything he tell um if dey can l'arn Brer B'ar some manners. Den Brer Rabbit say he speck de bes' way tor do it is ter git up a harrycans. De creeturs ax 'im how der name er goodness dey gwine ter do dat, en Brer liabbit say he l'il fx; it. Den he took un all out das close to de honey orchard, en all de big creeturs he made stan' by big sapiin's, en den little uns he but at de little saniin's.

"He low, now, den, when you hear me holler you rub up agains' daze saplin's, en shake 'em ez hard ez you kin.

"De wing creeturs what kin fly, he made git up in de trees. He low, 'When you hear me holler, you futier des ex hard ez you kin.

"Ber Rabbit had er long rope, en he went off ser little piece fer ter wit a good start, an

git up in de broom sare, en he low, 'When you hear me holler, run thoo de grass ez hard ez you kin.'

"Brer Enbbit had er long rope, en he went off er little piece fer ter git a good start, en tereekly here he come, dragging de rope and runnin' like a yallow dog wid a tin pail tied to his tall. Brer E'ar un dar in de bee tree hear 'im runnin' en ax 'im what de matter.

"Wid dat, Brer Eabbit fetched a whoop, en low, Dey's a harrycane comin, Brer E'ar, en lowe, Dey's a harrycane comin, Brer E'ar, en to bleedge ter run som ers en tie myself ter a tree fer to keep fum bein' blowed away. Don't you hear if a comin'?"

"Cose, when Brer Rabbit holloered de creeturs at de saplin's gun ter shake um, en de wing creeturs in de trees 'gun ter flutter, de wing creeturs in de trees 'gun ter flutter, de wing creeturs in de trees 'gun ter flutter, de wing creeturs in de trees 'gun ter flutter, de wing creeturs in de trees 'gun ter flutter, en de biggest kin' er noise. Brer E'ar, he serambled 'bout half way down de bee tree, en den he turn eye 'ything loose en hit the groun' ker biff! Look like twuz nuff ter joit de life outin' im.

"He say, 'Fer massy sake, Brer Rabbit tie

ker biff! Look like twuz nuff ter joit de life outin' 'Im. "He say. 'Fer massy sake, Brer Rabbit, tie me long wid vou. Dis dez ez good a place ez you'll fin. Tie me wid vou. Brer Rabbit! "De creeturs keep en makin' der fuss, en Brer Bar git skeder en skeder. Brer Rabbit took Brer B ar at his word, en he tied him hard en fas' tera tree. When he git him fastened so he can't git loose he cali ter all de creeturs, Brer Rabbit did, en tell em ter come look at Brer B'ar.

so he can't git loose he cali ter all de creeturs. Brer Habbit did, en tell 'em ter come look at Brer Bar.

"Den he 'low, 'Whiles de harrycane gwine on, less us go git a bait er honey. Dey ain't no wind what kin blow Brer B'ar off whiles he's fix dis way."

"Wid dat, they raided de honey orchard, en gobbled up all dey want, en took some home for der wimmen folks en chilluns."

"Who unfastened Brother Bear?" the little boy asked.

"Eh-eh, honey!" exclaimed Uncle Remus.
"You pushes yo enquirements too fur. Dat what's in de tale I kin tell you, dat what ain't you'll hatter figger out fer yo'seif." see the world, and it occurred to him that he could make her very useful as an interpreter.

HE KNOWS HIS VOLUMES BY TOUCH The Queer Old Bookseller and His Treas ures in a Brooklyn By Street.

A short, stout, half-blind Irishman, with long gray beard flowing over his chest and an old red fez drawn down over his long gray locks, sat one afternoon in the open doorway of a ramshackle two-story wooden building in Hoyt street with his head buried in his hands. His colored shirt was thrown open at the throat, and his feet were shod with an ancient pair of worsted slippers. He looked more like a venerable tradesman transplanted from the Orient than a Celt, and in oddity of appearance and arrangement the shanty in which h sat was in keeping with his singular attire. Old



Bibles and other ancient and valuable books were ranged on shelves at the open front win-dows of the shanty, one window being filled up completely by a giant volume of Audu-"Birds of America." opened wide to display the fine colored plates. Books were also ranged on rough wooden shelves all he interior walls of the shanty. Other books still were piled on a long pine table in the front room, and still more were heaped on the rough bare pine floor. The house was thrown open back and front, and all the windows were open, too. The house was next door but one to a musty second-hand furni-

A Boycott That Darkens the Prospect of a Pair in Their Honeymous.

Possible Interpretation of the Prospect of a Pair in Their Honeymous.

A short time ago there was a wooding in spiritualistic circles, a handsome young lady, who is credited with the possession of tare mediumistic powers, being united to the lappy man whom she preferred among a score of more of admirers. Fortunately, or unfortunately, all of these admirers are not septurnately, all of these admirers are not septurnately, all of these admirers are not septurners in these low grounds of sorrow. Some of them are in that mysterious land from which most persons believe there is no return ticket. Of course, no Spiritist accepts the Prince of henmark's dogma on this peout, and the young lady, now a bride, has heretofore maintained that her admirers "over there were a great deal more useful to her than those who remained on this shore of time, for the reason that her best "controls" were these same spirit lovers.

Since her marriage a singular condition of affairs has come about. The earthly admirers have accepted the situation, most of them even affended the wedding and endured if they did not approve her choice. With the lovers on the beautiful shore the young wife's friends say it is different. They are abgry and appear to have placed a spiritual boycott upon her. She has not received a single communication from any one of these departed lovers since her marriage, and worse than that they have formed a guard around her and allow no other spirits to communicate with her. As the marringe was one of pure love, wholly without mercenary consideration on the young lady's part, at least, and the himited salary of the husband was to have been aided by the professional carnings of the wife, the spirit boycott is a serious matter to these worthy young people. It has already operated to make them out short their wedding trip, and instead of going to housekeeping for themselves, as they intended, they have been aided by the professional carnings of the wife, the

ture store, and looked to be the most tumbledown structure in all the Brooklyn streets.

Both the old house and the old Irishman are
noted among Brooklyn's oddities. The Irishman was 'Old John Cronin.' the South
Brooklyn bibliopole, and for over a quarter of a century the house had been
a storehouse for his book treasures. Nothing less suited to the purposes of a
library could be imagined than the
weather-beaten and decaying dwelling, and
there is nothing in Brooklyn quite as odd as
his collection of books. Over 2,000 books of
all sorts were on exhibition when a New Yorker
chanced to pass the eccentric bookseller as he
sat in the twilight. He became good-humoredly voluble the moment the visitor mentioned
that he liked to examine old books.

"As near as lean remember." the old man
said, rising and stroking his long beard. "I
am O5 years old, and I'm getting blind besides,
and so I've got to get out of the business.

Those books represent the flotsam and jetsam
of half a century of rummaging samong books
I'l got so used by them that I can plek them
of half a century of rummaging samong books.

The got so used by them that I can plek them
of he backs of sourismed in which mere salong
the backs of sourismed in switzerland.

I'l got so used by them that I can plek them
of half a century of the sourism of the front
wall as he of an angioned ins way them all.

"Ab, there you ancie."

The object of the follows.

"Ab, there you ancie."

The still blide, and it was printed
in 1514. Isn't it a beauty."

He hald it on a table to be identified by the
visitor, and went on with his chalter.

"Over there in the corner is another treasure, the saventeen volumes of Shakespeare
that belonged to Barton the netter. It has
some fine illustrations too, that I can't see any
more. On that right-hand shelf is an original
copy of Hogarth, and over there is the 'Universal History' that belonged to the Earl of
Roxburgh. It's got his cont of arms on."

The bioliopole crept along past the book
shelves and pleked out a big volum

brings so many well-dressed men to see him, and the gray-haired bibliopole seems to en-joy the mystery with which his neighbors re-gard him. He says he is going to part with his collection in its entirety before very iong.

MIEUN'S LITTLE BLACK GIAL.

She Shares All His Journeys In Africa and Lieut. Mison returned to Paris the other day after nearly two years' wanderings up the Benue River and then south through Adamawa and on to the tributaries of the Congo where no white man had preceded him. He took home with him a little 14-year-old black girl who is now the lion of the day in Paris. This little girl, whose name is Sanabu, is the daughter of the chief of Igbobs, whose large village, containing 15.000 people, is in the region of the lower Niger. When Mizon first saw the child she was at the village of Assaba. sixty miles from her native place. Her father had heard that a white man was coming from Ascaba to his own town, and he sent a messenger in haste to ask if the white man would be so kind as to bring with him his little daughter. Mizon cheer-

SANABU IN PARIS.

Mizon. He found she had a great desire to

Before they reached her father's town he had

decided that if the chief's consent could be

Sanabu was very anxious to remain with the

white man's expedition. She sald she wanted

to see all of Africa she could, and when she

reached home she added her solicitations to

those of Mizon. The chief and the little girl's

mother heard of the unique proposal without disapproval, and so it was decided that Sanabu

should become a member of the expedition as

and and

obtained Sanabu should accompany him

throughout his journey.

given her name to a brand of champagne. The Duke of Uzes is the premier Duke of France, and the title is now borne by a young man of 23, who is travelling in Africa; he is the eldest son of the Duchess, who became a widow in early youth. She was deeply attached to her husband, a distinguished man, fond fully complied with the request, and soon he was en route with the child in his caravan. of literature, and a thorough sportsman. She has always superintended most carefully the Her brightness and thirst for information sureducation of her four children The young prised him. He found that she was acquaint-Duke, Jacques de Crussol, enlisted and is not ed with a number of the dialects of the country. In fact, she seemed to have a decided quartermaster in the French army; Simone, her eldest daughter, married the young loke gift for languages. She could speak some de Luynes, the friend of the Duke of Orleans. English, and in a little while ploked up enough Louise Michel, the flerce republican, is a kind-hearted woman, and she ofter runs up French to be able to talk very well with Lieut. the stairs to some wretched bed-ridden fellow creature to see if she can be of use. On sev eral occasions, when tending a sick we man, she met a dark-eyed lady, dressed very simply in black, who made the patient comfortable, supplied her wants, and wont away after conversing pleasantly. Louise Michel said to her-

That is a woman after my own heart. I wonder who she is!" On one occasion Louise was the first to leave the attic. When she came to the door she say a well-appointed brougham standing of lesste, and the dark-eyed lady who had descended the stairs behind her stepped into it and was Louise Michel, rather astounded, asked the

THE DUCHESS OF URES.

Her Bellef in Gen. Bohlanger's Projects Cost Her 6600,000,

In France it is at present the fashion to speed

at and to underrate the nobility, but some members of it, with blameless lives and high

intellectual attainments, have the approval

and the admiration of the most cynical critical

In the foremost rank is the Duchesse d'Uzes,

Daughter of the Due de Mortemart and of his

wife, nee de Chevigne, the Duchess be-

longs to two highest French aristocracy.

Her husband was very wealthy, and she had

an enormous fortune, inherited from her ma-

ternal grandmother, Mme. Cliquot, who has

concièrge if he knew who the lady was. "Oh! dear, yes," was the reply, "the Duchesse d'Uzès!' Louise Michel thought that after all there

was some good in that aristocracy she was so anxious to destroy. Twice a week the Duchess puts on the white apron and sleeves of the trained nurse, and, in company with other noble-minded Parisian



should become a member of the expedition as an interpreter.

Mizon says that Sanabu throughout the journey was the life of the party. She was very active and harpy. No member of the party could, so quickly as she, learn enough of the new languages they met to make themselves easily understood. Throughout the journey she was very useful as an interpreter. For hundreds of miles up the Isenue she travelled, until the party reached Yola, where they remained for some time. At last Mizon began his march south, through unknown lands.

On only a few occasions was Sanabu's gayety clouded. After the party had reached the Congo a Portuguese asked Mizon how much he had paid for the little girl. Being the daughter of an important chief, Sanabu regards herself as a princess, and she was so indigrant at the thought of having been taken for a slave that she burst into a flood of angry tears. Mizon told the Portuguese that the French did not buy slaves, but that the little girl was the daughter of a big chief who had consented to bet her travel with the expedition to see the world.

When Sanabu arrived in Paris nothing seemed to surpris. her so much as the height of the buildings. She had with her a photograph of the lowly reed hut which was her faither's home. The great buildings, four or six stories high, seemed to her to be the most wonderful thing in the world. She already talks French with fluency, and every one who sees the little girl makes much of her. The newspapers have printed stories of her home and of the romantic journey she achieved with the explorer, and all Calvary, where she bathes and binds the wounds of the incurable cancerous patients. Her name was mixed up at one time with the career of Gen. Boulanger. She had seen in him a possible Gen. Monk, who, after having cleared away all obstacles, would offer to Philip of Orleans the crown of France. She gave her time, her influence, and part of her wealth to the cause in which she believed, hoping to bring happiness and prosperity to the French people. Her friends know how eraally disappointed she was when she disc. that personal ambition alone guided Poulanger. She had been led by patriotism, and her dream cost her \$600,000.

Not content with being an excellent musician she has become a clever sculptor. At the Salon des Champs-Elysces is her devotional figure of Notre Dame de Poisse, and her statue of St. Hubert is at the Sacre Cour Cathedral at Montmartre. In the entalogue of the Salon the artist's identity is veiled under the mone of Manuela. She has just been modelling in wax three bas-relie's which, when entarged will decorate the walls of the dining room at

ANABU IN AFRICA.

the illustrated appears Entain her gictures. She is now decemed to great greater and presents a very different appearance from the tributer of the work of the control o her chateau, Bonnelles.

The first bas-relief is "The Chase in Mothe